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R. Vaughan. May

THE
MAN OF QUALITY:

A
F A R C E:

TAKEN FROM THE COMEDY OF
THE RELAPSE

By Mr. LEE.

ACTED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL IN COVENT-
GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit,
Aetherium Sensum, atque Auras Simplicis Iunem.*
ENEID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, near Serjeants-inn,
Fleet-Street.

M D C C L X X V I.



ADVERTISMENT.

THE Editor of these scenes thinks it proper to acquaint the public, that, if the play whence they are taken had been free from exception, in point of stile and moral, he should never have presumed to curtail it; but a long observation of the good taste of the town confirmed his opinion, it was not so. He has, however, been careful to add no more than what seemed necessary to connect the plot; his sole aim being, to restore to a frequency of representation a piece of *genuine humour*; and to have his alterations thought not injurious but respectful to the memory of *Sir John Vanbrugh*.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Foppington,	Mr. Dodd.
Young Fashion,	Mr. Palmer.
Sir John Friendly,	Mr. Wright.
Lory,	Mr. Parsons.
Coupler,	Mr. Waldron.
Shoe-maker,	Mr. Carpenter.
La Varole,	Mr. Burton.
Mendlegs,	Mr. Garland.
Sir Tunbelly Clumsey,	Mr. Hurß.

W O M E N.

Nurse,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Miss Hoyden,	Mrs. Abington.

THE
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A C T I.

S C E N E *Whiteball.*

Enter Young Fashion, and Lory.

Y. Fash. COME, Lory ! pay the waterman;
C and take the pormanteau.

Lory. Faith, Sir, I gave the waterman the
portmanteau to pay himself.

Y. Fash. What do you mean ? There's some-
thing left in't sure ?

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour.

Y. Fash. Why, what's become of the blue coat,
sirrah ?

Lory. O Lord ! Sir, that was eaten at *Grafevend* ;
the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your
Privy purse was worth but two half crowns.

Y. Fash. 'Tis very well.

B

Lory.

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Lory. Now, Sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man ; you have outliv'd all your cares.

T. Fash. How so, Sir ?

Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

T. Fash. Yes, Sirrah, I have, myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Ah, Sir, if you cou'd but prevail on some body else to do that, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

T. Fash. Why, really, *Lory* ! if thou canst tell me where to apply, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, that I don't know but I may for once follow a fool's advice.

Lory. Then, Sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir *Novelty* your elder brother.

T. Fash. Damn my elder brother.

Lory. With all my heart, Sir ; but get him to redeem your annuity first.

T. Fash. My annuity ! S'death, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder-puff to redeem my soul.

Lory. Look you, Sir, you must either wheedle him, or starve.

T. Fash. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. No, Sir ?—What will you do then ?

T. Fash. I'll go into the army.

Lory. Oh, true ; I did not think of that ; that's the high road to riches, no doubt.

T. Fash. Art thou then so impregnable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a farthing ?

Lory.

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Lory. Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Y. Faſb. Why, how wou'dſt have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him,—tickle him.

Y. Faſb. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you starve, I say, Sir?

Y. Faſb. Yes——

Lory. I can't; so, good by t'ye. [Going.

Y. Faſb. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dſt thou have me say to him?

Lory. Say? Nothing to *him*; apply yourself to his favourites; speak to his perriwig, his solitaire, his feather, his snuff-box; and, when you are well with them——desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Y. Faſb. S'death and furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me?—O Fortune! Fortune! Thou art a bitch by Jupiter.——What's here?——

Enter Coupler.

By this light, old *Coupler* alive still!—Why, how now, match maker, art thou here still to plague the world with matrimony? You old cripple! how have you the impudence to be hobbling out of your grave twenty years after you are rotten?

Coup. When you begin to rot, sirrah, you'll go off like a pippin, one winter will send you to the devil. But, come, I'm still a friend to thy person, though I have a contempt for thy understanding; therefore would willingly know thy condition, that I may see whether thou standest

B 2 in

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in need of my assistance ! for widows swarm, my boy, the town's infected with 'em.

Y. Fafß. I stand in need of any body's assistance, that will help me to cut my elder brother's throat, without the risque of being hanged.

Coup. I'gad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the hand for't.

Y. Fafß. Say'st thou so, old Satan ? Shew me but that, and my soul is thine.

Coup. Then, Sir, you must know, that I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Y. Fafß. I'm very much beholden to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, sirrah, before the wed-ding-day yet ; the lady is a great heiress, five and twenty hundred a year, and a great bag of money ; the match is concluded, the writings drawn, and the pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight — Now you must know further, stripling, (with respect to your mother) that your brother's a son of a whore.

Y. Fafß. Good ; I allow it.

Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready money upon the day of marriage ; which, I understand by a friend, he ne'er designs to pay me ; if therefore you will be a generous young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll be a covetous old rogue, and help you to the lady.

Y. Fafß. I'gad, if thou can'st bring this about, I'll have thy statue cast in brass.

Coup.

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Coup. Silver, youngster ! Silver,—or gold,— and I'll keep it in my own possession.

Y. Fash. But don't you doat, you old pander ! when you talk at this rate ?

Coup. That you shall judge of : this plump partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the country, ninety miles off, with her honoured parent, in a lonely old house, which no body comes near ; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home : to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors, the parson of the parish teaches her to play on the bass-viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance : in short, no body can give you admittance there but I ; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your brother.

Y. Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that ?

Coup. Without the Devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw : the whole busines has been managed by me, and all the letters go thro' my hands : the last that was writ to Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey* (for that's the old gentleman's name) was to tell him, his lordship would be down in a fortnight to consummate. Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantick pleasure of surprising your mistress ; fall desperately in love, as soon as you see her ; make that your plea for marrying her directly, and when the fatigue of the wedding night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold.

Y. Fash. Thy hand, I promise.

Coup. Upon paper, sirrah ;—*signatum*, rogue !

Y. Fash.

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Y. Fash. It shall be done forthwith !

Coup. [Surveying him archly.] Well ; what, I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket ?—no, one may see it in thy face——

Y. Fash. Not a sou, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then ?—Well, Sirrah, follow to my Lodgings and I'll see what may be done ; we'll sign, seal, eat a pullet, and when I have given thee farther instructions, thou sha't hoist sail and be gone. [Exit.

Lo. Colours flying, I hope, Sir !

Y. Fash. Ay, *Lory* ; Providence, thou seest, at last, takes care of men of merit : We are in a fair way to be great people yet.

Lo. If the Devil don't step in 'twixt the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

Y. Fash. Why, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my fortune, that's certain ; and, I'gad, I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again ; but should I tell thee how, thou'dst wonder.

Lo. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

Y. Fash. How do't know ?

Lo. Because, Sir, I have wonder'd at you so often, I can wonder no more.

Y. Fash. No ! what would'it thou say, if a qualm of *Conscience* should spoil my design ?

Lo. I'd eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, *Lory*, tho' I am a young rake-hell, and have play'd many a roguish trick, yet this is so full-grown a cheat, that, I find, I must take pains to come up to't ; I have scruples——

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Lo. Strong symptoms of death ; if you find them increase, pray, Sir, make your will.

Y. Fafb. No, my conscience shan't starve me, neither.

Lo. Humh ! I'm glad o' that, for another person's sake.

Y. Fafb. But thus far I'll hearken to it ; before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom ; I'll speak to him with the temper of a philosopher ; if he has so much humanity about him, as to assist me (tho' with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make—

Succeed or no, still victory's my lot ;
If I subdue his heart, 'tis well ; if not,
I shall subdue my conscience to the plot. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *A Dressing-Room.*

Lord Foppington discover'd in his Night-Gown,
Page waiting.

L. F. **P**Age—
Page. Sir.

L. F. Sir !—Pray, Sir, do me the favour to teach your tongue the title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's pardon, my Lord.

L. F. O, you can pronounce the word then. I thought it would have choak'd you—D'ye hear ?

Page. My Lord,

L. F.

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L. F. Call *La Varole*, I wou'd dress—

[*Exit Page.*]

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a Man of Quality, strike me dumb!—my Lord—your Lordship—my Lord *Foppington*—Ab! *ce'st quelque chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte*—Why the ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir *Navelty* to recommend me to 'em—Sure, whilst I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous fellow!—Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given, stap my vitals—

Enter La Varole.

La Va. Me Lor, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de Semstress, be all ready, if your Lordship please to dress.

L. F. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

L. V. Hey, Messieurs!—entrez!

Enter Taylor, &c.—[*cringing.*]

L. F. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tayl. I think, I may presume to say, Sir—

L. Va.—[*aside.*]—My Lor—You clown you!

Tayl. Why, is he made a Lord?—My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon, my Lord; I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplish'd a suit of Clothes, as ever Peer of *England* trod the stage in, my Lord: Will your Lordship please to try 'em now?

L. F.

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L. F. Ay, but let my people dispose the glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind, for I love to see myself all round—

[Whilst he puts on his Clothes, Young Fashion and Lory are admitted, tho' not regarded by L. F.]

Y. F. Hey-day, what the devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a favourite at Court, he has got so many people at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at Court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Y. F. Good Heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a lac'd coat to recommend a gallant to 'em!—

Lo. Why, Sir, Taylors and Perriwig-makers are now become the bawds of the nation, 'tis they debauch all the women.

Y. F. Thou sayest true; for there's that Fop now, who has not by nature wherewithal to move a cook-maid, by that time these fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a Countess— But now for my reception, I'll engage it shall be as cold as a courtier's to his friend, who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

L. Fop. Death and eternal tarture! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

Tayl. My Lord if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your Lordship's pocket-handkerchief.

L. F. Rat my pocket-handkerchief! Have not I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

C

Tayl.

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Tayl. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's fancy,

T. F. to Lor.] His Lordship! *Lory*, did you observe that?

Lo. Yes, Sir; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

T. F. Respect! damn him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his estate to buy a title, that he may be a Fool of the first rate: But let's accost him—*To Lord F.*] Brother, I am your humble servant.

L. F. O Lard, *Tam*! I did not expect you in *England*:—Brother, I am glad to see you—
Turning to his Taylor.] Look you, Sir; I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous packet; therefore pray get me another suit, with all manner of expedition, for this is my eternal aversion. [*Exit Taylor.*]—*Mrs. Callicoe*, are not you of my mind?

Semstress. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low—

L. F. You are passitively in the right on't, for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Semf. I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your solitaire.

L. F. in love with it, stab my vitals. Bring your bill, you shall be paid to-morrow—

Semf. I humbly thank your honour—your Lordship's most obedient and devoted humble servant, my Lord!— [*Exit. Semf.*]

L. F. Hark you, Shoe-maker! these shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe.

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Shoe. My Lord, me thinks they fit you very well.

L. F. they hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. [feeling his foot.] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. F. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. F. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you — I think I understand my trade — —

L. F. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes, so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My Lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in town these twenty years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts and when it don't.

L. F. Well, prithee be gone about thy business.

[*Exit Shoe.*]

To the Hosiery.] Mr. Mend-Legs, a word with you: the calves of these stockings ate thicken'd a little too much. They make my legs look like a Chairman's — —

Mend. My Lord, me thinks they look mighty well.

L. F. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, I have study'd 'em all my life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown piece less — [Exit Hosiery bowing.] — —

[*Aside.*] If the town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue.

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To the Perriwig-maker.] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defy any Prince in *Europe* to outdo, I have made you a Perriwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloke in all weathers.

L. F. Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity: Come, comb it out.

Y. F. Well, *Lory*, What do'st think on't? A very friendly reception from a *brother*, after three years absence!

Lo. Why, Sir, 'tis your own fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love: if you wou'd creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures—Here have you stood ever since you came in, and never once commended a single thing that belongs to him.

Y. F. No, nor ever shall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lo. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone. [*Exit Perriwig-maker.*]

Y. F. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done:—retire. [*Exit Lo.*]

Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

L. F. Hey, page!—is the carriage at the door?

Page. Waiting, my Lord.

Y. F. The' to talk to you of business (especially of money) is a theme I know not quite so entertaining, Brother, as that of the Ladies;

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dies ; yet my necessities are such, that I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. F. The greatness of your necessities, *Tam*, is the worst argument in the world for your being patiently heard.—I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

T. F. I'm sorry you think so.

L. F. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know the affair quickly ; for 'tis a new play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeezed with pressing thro' the crawd, to get to my servant, the women will think I have lain all night in my clothes.

T. F. Why then (that I may not be the author of so great a misfortune) my case, in a word, is this.—The necessary expence of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent ; so that, unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

L. F. Why, faith, *Tam*—to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world ; for, if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way : if taken—you are reliev'd t'other.

T. F. I'm glad to see you in so pleasant a humour, and hope I shall find the effects of't.

L. F. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I shou'd give you five hundred paunds ?

T. F.

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T. F. I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

L. F. Thau art willing to receive it any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and perriwigs so dear, that devil, take me, I am reduc'd to this extremity in my cash; I have been farc'd to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have braught it down to five guineas a manth.—Naw, judge, *Tam*, whether I can spare you five hundred pands.

T. F. If you can't, I must starve, that's all.—damn him. [Aside.]

L. F. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

T. F. Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a year, how do you think I should upon two hundred?

L. F. Don't be in a passion, *Tam*; far passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—to the face.—Look you, I don't love to say any thing shocking to you, to make you melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running Horse requires more attendance than a Coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

T. F. Yes, she has made you older.—[Aside.] pox take her for it.

L. F. That is nat all, *Tam*.

T. F. Why, what is there else?

L. F. Looking first on himself, then on his brother.]—Ask the ladies.

T. L.

T. F. Why, thou essence-bottle ! thou musk-cat ! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee ?

L. F. I do, stab my vitals.

T. F. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of Coxcombs.

L. F. Sir, I am praud of being at the head of so prevailing a party.

T. F. Will nothing provoke thee ?—Draw, Coward.

L. F. Look you, *Tam—Tam* !—you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolihest plats broke out, that I have seen this long time. Your paverty makes your life so burdensome, that you would provoke me to quarrel, in hopes to slip thro' my Jungs into my estate ; or to get yourself run thro' the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs ; far, with the temper of a Philasapher, and the discretion of a Statesman—I will go to the play with my sword in its scabbard—hey, *La Verole*. [Exit *L. Fop*.

T. F. So !—Farewell, Snuff-box !—And now, Conscience ! I defy thee :—*Lory* !

Enter *Lory*.

Lor. Sir.

T. F. Here's rare news, *Lory* ; his Lordship has given me a pill has purg'd off all my scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again : For I have been in a lamentable fright, Sir, ever since that curst

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curst Conscience had the impudence to intrude in }
to your company.

Y. F. Be at peace, it will come there no more: My brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the Inn; get horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's without a moment's delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the fortune?

Y. F. I am: fly.

Lo. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. [Exeunt severally,

A C T II.

S C E N E, *an old fashion'd Country-house, with a Moat, Draw-bridge, &c.*

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Young Fash. SO, here's our inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into possession.—But me thinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah's Ark, as if the chief part of't were design'd for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here; get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Y. F. Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, I say; at least if she be as old Coupler describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the door. [Lory knocks

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knocks two or three times.] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house? knock harder.

Lo. I'gad, Sir, this will prove some enchanted Castle; we shall have the giant come out by and by, with his club, and beat our brains out.

[Knocks again.]

Young Fash. Hush, they come.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Who's there—open the door and see: Is that your country breeding?

Witbin. Ay, but two words to a bargain:—*Tummus*, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Young Fash. 'Oons, give 'em good words, *Lory*; or we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lo. I gad, Sir, I think y're in the right on't.—Ho, Mr. Thingumme,—Sir,—Mr. What d'ye-call-um.—[Servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.]

Ser. Weal naw, what's yare business?

Young Fash. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young Fash. But will you do me the favour, Sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Ser. Why, loo you, do you see, wjth good words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy waes, and ask Sir Tunbelly an he pleases to be waited upon. And, do'st hear? Call to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss *Hoyden* before the great geat's open.

Y. Fash. [aside] D'ye hear that, *Lory*?

[A great noise heard.]

D

Lo.

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Lo. [running bebind his master.] O Lord, Lord ! we are both dead men.

Y. Fash. Take heed, fool, thy fear will ruin us.

Lo. Fear, Sir ! 'Sdeath, I fear nothing.— Wou'd I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with his servants arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, &c.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me ?

Y. Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey.

Sir Tun. Yes, Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, whether you have any business with me or not. So, you see I am not ashame'd of my name,—nor my face, neither.

Y. F. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. And if you have no cause, I desire to know who you are ; for, till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house ; and, when I do know your name—'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Y. Fash. [giving him a letter.] Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir Tun. [after looking it over] Cod's my life, I ask your Lordship's pardon ten thousand times. [To his Servants] Here, run in-doors quickly ; get a scotch-coal fire made in the great parlour ; set all the turkey-work-chairs in their places ; get the great bras candlesticks out, and be sure to stick the Sockets full of laurel—run. [Turning to Young Fash.] my Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon. [To other Servants.] And do you hear,

run you away to nurse, bid her let *Hoyden* loose again; and, if it is not shifting day, let her put on a clean tucker quick.

[*Exeunt Servants confusedly.*]

—[*To Young Fash.*]—I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family, my Lord; we are not us'd to receive men of your Lordship's great quality every day; pray where are your coaches and servants, my Lord?

Y. Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your fair daughter a proof how impatient I was to be nearer a kin to you, I left my equipage to follow, and came post away, with only one servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much honour. It was exposing your person to too great fatigue and danger, I protest it was, my Lord, but my daughter shall endeavour to make your Lordship what amends she can; and, tho' I say it that shou'd not say it—*Hoyden* has charms.

Y. Fash. Sir, I am no stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common fame has done her justice.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant, my Lord—my girl's young: *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature; what she wants in experience, she has in breeding; and, what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution.—So, pray, my Lord, walk in.—Pray, my Lord, walk in.

Y. Fash. Sir, I wait upon you. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

Miss Hoyden discovered.

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think

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to make a fool of me :—It's well I have a husband coming, or by goles I'd marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the Gate, but presently I must be lockt up ; and here's the young greyhound whelp can run loose about the house all day long, she can ;—'tis very well.

Nurse without, opening the door, with a key.

Nur. Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss ; Miss Hoyden !

Enter Nurse.

Miss. [sulkily.] Well, what do you make such a noise and a Miss-ing about for, ha ! What do you din a body's ears for ? can't one be quiet for you ?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for ? Here's one come will din your ears with a witness.

Miss. What care I who's come ; I care not a fig, who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lockt up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank before you are ripe.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your head about that : I'm as ripe as you, tho' not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well ; now have I a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to-night.

Miss. [joyfully] My Lord ! Why, is my husband come ?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss [hugging *Nurse.*] O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again ; no, if I do, you shall give me three huge thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

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Nurse. Ah, the poor thing ! see how it melts ; it's as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss. But, my dear, dear, kind, good Nurse, don't fib now—is he come, by your troth ?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss. O lud ! I'll go put on my lac'd smicket, tho' I'm lock'd up a month for't.

Nurse. Stay, stay a little, Miss ; and hear what I have to say to you first.

Miss. I'm all in a twitter, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. But you must have a care of being too fond ; men now-a-days hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him ! Why do you think I'd love him ? Not I, i'fackings. I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so I were once married to him. —No—that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to *London* ; for, when I am a wife and a lady both, by goles, I'll flaunt it with the best of 'em, Nurse.

Nurse. Look, look, if his honour be not a coming to you ; now if I were sure you'd behave yourself handsomely and not disgrace me, that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone.

Miss. That's my best Nurse, do ;—do as you would be done by ; trust us together this once, and, if I don't shew my breeding from head to foot, may I be twice married and die a maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you ; but if you disparage me——

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my parts, I warrant him. [Exit Nurse.

Sola.

Hoyden Sola.

These old women are so wise when they get a poor girl into their clutches ; but, ere it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter Young Fashion, who salutes her.

Y. Fash. Your most obedient servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone ; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I mean) you may speak to me, about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Y. Fash. You give me so obliging a one, that it encourages me to tell you in few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, Miss, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend on your consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing, but eating of green gooseberries.

Y. Fash. So good a daughter must needs make an admirable wife ; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness, so long as your father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is that ?

Y. Fash. O, Madam, a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss. A week—why I shall be an old woman by that time.

Y. Fash.

Y. Fash. Yes, Ma'm, and I an old man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why, I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure, Nurse told me so.

Y. Fash. And it shall be to-morrow morning still, if you'll consent;—or sooner.

Miss. If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband.

Y. Fash. That's when we are married, my dear; till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Oh, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing: I'll obey you now, and, when we are married, you shall obey me.

Y. Fash. With all my heart; but I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he does his pulpit, and wou'd always be preaching to her by his good will.

Y. Fash. Why then, my dear little bedfellow! if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her.

Miss. I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing, my Lord!

Y. Fash. How's that?

Miss. Why, tell her she's a wholesome comely woman—and give her half a crown.

Y. Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that she'd marry you herself.

Y. Fash. I shou'd be highly obliged to her indeed!

Miss. I'll run and call her—

[Exit
Young

Young Fashion.

So, matters go swimmingly—this is a rare girl, faith ; I shall have a fine time of it with her at *London*. I'm much mistaken if she don't prove a *March-Hare* all the year round. What a scampering chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole kennel of beaux after her ! She'll shew them sport, I warrant 'em. But it's no matter, as she brings an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.—

Enter Miss and Nurse.

—How do you do, geod Mistress Nurse ?
Nurse. Thank your Lordship's honour.

Y. Fash. I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education ; pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, [gives money] and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be, that happy man, her husband.

Nurse. [aside.] Gold, by the mackins—Your worship's goodness is too great, my Lord. Alas ! all I can boast is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck't it—Eh, blessing on the sweet face on't ; how it us'd to kick, and sprawl, and suck it wou'd, till the belly ol't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a leach.

—Mifs. [taking her angrily aside.] Nurse ! Nurse !—A word with you ;—pr'ythee don't stand tipping up old stories, to make one ashani'd

asham'd before one's love : do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he cares for a fiddlecome tale of a draggle-tail'd girl ? no,—if you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [To *Young Fash*.] I hope your Honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some necessary orders about the family.

Y. Fash. O, every thing, Madam, is to give way to business ; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss. Pray, Sir, are the young ladies good house-wives at *London-Town* ? Do they darn their own linen ?

Y. Fash. O no, they study how to spend money, not save it.

Miss. Odsnigs, I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, Nurse !

Y. Fash. Well, you shall have your choice, my dear, when you come there.

Miss. Shall I ?—then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can.—[To *Nurse*.]—His Honour desires you will be so kind, Nurse, as to let us be marry'd to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear child ?

Y. Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet Nurse, privately ; or to night—young folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us stay a week for a wedding dinner. Now, all things being sign'd, seal'd, and agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practising a scene or two of matrimony in private, if it were only to

give us the better assurance when we play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess, stolen pleasures are sweet ; but, if you shou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be wedded ?

Miss. Why, be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child ?

Miss. Ay ; I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Y. Fash. Pray, *Nurse*, don't be against your younglady's good ; for, by this means, she'll have the pleasure of two wedding days.

Miss [to *Nurse* softly.] Yes, and of two wedding-nights too, *Nurse*.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing ; so you shall e'en follow your own liking.

Miss. Shall I ? [Aside.] O lud ! I could leap over the moon.

Y. Fash. Dear *Nurse*, this goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded ; but now we must get you to employ your power with Mr. *Bull*, the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, then we shall all be happy : do you think we can prevail with him ?

Nurse. Prevail with him—ay, or he never shall prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss My Lord, she has had him upon the hip these seven years.

Y. F. I'm glad to hear it ; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse

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Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him marry more folks than one, I promise him.

Miss. Faith do, Nurse, make him marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living; for he loves eating more than the *Bible*; and I have often heard him say, a fat living is the best meat in the world.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the sauce too, or I'll bring his gown to a cassock, I will so.

Y. Fash. Well, Nurse, whilst you go settle matters with him, your young Lady and I will take a walk in the garden.

Nurse. I'll do your honour's business in the catching up of a garter. [Exit.

Y. Fash. [giving his hand.] Come, Madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss. O dear Sir, yes; I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid of—Nurse! Nurse!—[Re enter Nurse.

—You'll bring him there to us, will you?

Nurse. In a twinkling.

Y. Fash. And my servant, if you please, at the same time.

Nurse. Your Lordship shall be obey'd. [Ex. again.

[*Y. Fash.* and *Miss* exeunt another way.

A C T III.

S C E N E continues.

Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, Young Fashion, and Bull.

Y. Fash. THIS quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, that it shall give you a claim to my favour as long as I live.

Miss. Ay, and to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I humbly thank your Honours; and may your children swarm about you, like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss. With all my heart, the more the merrier, I say; ha, Nurse?

Enter Lory, taking his Master hastily aside.

Lo. A word with you, for heaven's sake, Sir.

Y. Fash. What the devil's the matter?

Lo. Your fortune's ruin'd. Yonder's your brother arriv'd with two coaches and six, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth fourscore pound, and a perriwig up to the skies: so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Y. Fash. Death and furies! 'tis impossible.

Lo. Fiends and spectres! Sir, 'tis true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the house yet?

Lo. No, Sir, they are capitulating with him at the gate; the porter tells him, he's come to run away with *Miss Hoyden*, and has cock'd the blunderbuss at him; your brother swears, Gad demme,

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demme, they are all a pareel of clowns ;—so, what will you do, Sir?

Y. Fafb. Stay a little. [To *Miss*] My dear, here's a troublesome kind of busines my man tells me of—but don't be brighten'd, we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent scoundrel at the gate (not knowing I was here *incog.*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the brazen-fac'd varlet, its well we are married, or, may be, we might never have been so.

Y. Fafb. [aside.] I gad, like enough: Pr'y-thee, dear doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord—

Lory. Ay, but do fly a little faster, if you please.

Bull. I am going.

Lory. Well then, begone, I intreat you.

[Exit *Bull.*]

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock ourselves up, till the danger be over.

Y. Fafb. By all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more; I'm marry'd.

Y. Fafb. Yes, pray my dear do, till we have seiz'd this fellow; no longer.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing, —tho' it shall be the last time, for all that. [aside.]

[Exit *Miss and Nurse.*]

Y. Fafb. Hark you, *Lory*!—you must stand by me now; for I am resolv'd to brazen the busines

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business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor on his Lordship; which I believe may be easily done—

Enter Sir Tunbelly, and Servants arm'd.

Did you ever hear, Sir, of such an impudent undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I warrant you.

T. Fafb. They tell me, he has a great many people with him disguis'd like servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the posse upon 'em.

T. Fafb. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work.

Sir Tun. Oh, my Lord! [bowing.]

T. Fafb. I find, whoever this spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so, if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without suspicion; as soon as he is within the gate, we'll whip up the draw-bridge on his back, let fly the blunderbuss, to disperse the crew, and so commit him to Goal.

Sir Tun. I'gad, your Lordship's an ingenious person, and a very great General;—but, shall we kill any of 'em?

T. Fafb. No, no; fire over their heads only, to fright e'm; I'll warrant the regiment scours when the Colonel's a prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along, my boys! and let your courage be great, for your danger is but small.

SCENE,

S C E N E, *The Gate.*

Lord Foppington and Retinue discover'd.

Lord Fop. **A** Pax of these bumkinly people, will they open the gate, or do they desire I should grow at their moat-side, like a willow? [To the Porter.] Hey, Fellow—

Por. [above]—Weal, now!—Stond staut, Ralph!

Ral. [within] I wull, I wull.

Por. [to L. Fop.]—Neaw:

L. F. Pr'ythee do me the favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my coach, and be gone—
[a treading beard.]

Por. Here's master himself at hond, he's of age, he'll give you his own answer.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, attended.

Sir Tun. My most noble Lord, I crave your pardon for making your honour wait so long; but my orders to my servants have been to admit nobody without my knowledge, for fear of some attempts upon my daughter, the times being full of plots and roguery.

L. F. Much caution, I must confess, is a sign of great wisdom: But, stap my vitais, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter—He, hem—

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but, if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll

we'll help you to some brown sugar-candy, or a treacle-posset, my Lord.

L. F. [aside] Oh, heavens!—

Sir Tun. I'll shew you the way—

L. F. Not to the posset, I beseech you, Sir—keep that for some future regale.

Sir Tun. Well, well; your Lordship shall have your choice; this way, my Lord.

L. F. I follow, Sir!—the fellow has turn'd me sick with his posset. *[Exeunt.]*

[As Lord Foppington's Servants follow, they clap the door against La Verole.]

La Ver. Jernie, qu'est ce que veut?

Sir Tun. [within.]—Fire, Porter.

Porter [firing.]—Have among you, masters.

La Ver. Ab! je suis mort—*[The servants all run off.]*

Port. Not a soldier left, by the Mass—hoh, hoh! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E, A ball.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, &c. with Lord Foppington disarm'd.

Sir Tun. COME, bring him along, bring him along.

L. F. Why, Gentlemen, Gentlemen! what the pax do you mean! is it fair time, that you are all drunk before dinner.

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah! here's an impudent rogue! drunk or sober, bully! I'm a justice of peace, and know how to deal with strolers.

L. F.

L. F. Strolers?

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come give an account of yourself: what's your Name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? are you a *Williamite*, or a *Jacobite*?—Come?

Lord F. Why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions, friend?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em, friend! ere I have done with you, you Rascal, you.

L. F. Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a most extraordinary old fellow; strop my vitals.

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joking with Deputy Lieutenants, we know how to deal with you:—Here, draw a warrant immediately.

L. F. A warrant—what the devil is't thou wou'd be at, old gentleman?

Sir Tun. At?—why, at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not ty'd as a magistrate) and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog!

L. F. And why would'st thou spoil this face o' mine at such a rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

L. F. Rab thee of thy daughter!—Now do I begin to fancy I'm a-bed and a sleep, and that all this is but a dream—if it be, it will be an agreeable surprize enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent company of a nasty country-justice, find myself perhaps in the arms of a Woman of Quality—[To *Sir Tun.*]—

Pr'ythee,

F

Prythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or no, till I know what it is.

L. F. Why, then, in brief terms, it is this; whether thou didst not write to my Lord *Foppington* to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I, and my Lord *Foppington* is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

L. F. Give me thy hand, dear dad! I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. The fellow's mad—here, bind him hand and foot. [They bind him.

L. F. Nay, pr'ythee Knight, leave fooling, the jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad—bread and water, a dark room and a whip may bring him to his senses again.

L. F. [aside.] I'gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is likely to prove one of the most impertinent dreams I ever had in my life.

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Miss. [going up to him.] Law! is this he that would have run away with me?ough, how he stinks of sweets! pray, father, let him be dragg'd through the horse-pond.

L. F. [aside.]—This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss. What do you intend to do with him, father,—hang him?

Sir

Sir Tun. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

L. F. [aside.] *Madame la Gouvernante*, I presume ;—hitherto this appears to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever man of quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter ?

Miss. He's just coming, Sir.

L. F. [aside.] My Lord ! — What a pox does he mean by that ? —

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

—Stap my vitals, *Tam* ! — now the dream's out.

Y. Fash. Is this the fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter ?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord ; how do you like him ? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune ?

Y. Fash. I find, by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss. O Gemini ! Is this a beau ? let's see him again——ha ! I find a beau is no such ugly thing neither.

Y. Fash. I'gad, she'll be in love with him presently : I'll e'en have him sent away to goal. —[To *Lord Fop.*]—Sir, tho' your undertaking shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you han't confidence enough to expect much favour from me.

L. F. [after having look'd steadfastly at him.] Strike me dumb, *Tam*, thou art a very impudent fellow,

Nurse.

Nurs. Look, if the varlet has not the 'frontery to call his Lordship plain *Thomas*.

Sir Tun. Come, is the warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the pen, then I'll sign it—So, now constable away with him.

L. F. Hold a moment—softly, pray, gentlemen;—my Lord—my Lord *Foppington*!—shall I beg a word with your Lordship?

Nurs. O ho, it's *my Lord* with him now? see how afflictions will humble folks.

Mijs. Pray, my Lord! don't let him whisper too close, for fear he bite your ear off.

L. F. I am not altogether so hungry, as your Ladyship is pleased to imagine. [To *Young Fash*. Look you, *Tam*! I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I now offer; thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it; strop my vitals.

Y. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease, brother, than cure it; a quarter of that sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her. [Leaving him.

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y. Fash. Only the rascal offer'd me a bribe, to let him go.

L. F. Well said, *Tam*!

Sir Tun. Ay, ay; he shall go with a pox to him: lead on, constable!

L. F. One word more, and I've done.

Sir Tun. Before George, thou art an impudent fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate, after thou art condemned; but speak, once for all,

L. F.

L. F. Why, then, once for all ; I have at last luckily called to mind, that there is a gentleman of this country (I believe, not far from this place) who, if he were here, would satisfy you, I am *Novelty*, Baron of *Foppington*, with five thousand pounds a-year, and that fellow there a rascal, not worth a groat.

Sir Tun. Good, Good ; now I like this.

Lor. It's more than I do !

Y. Fash. Lory !

Lor. Mum, Sir,—our curst stars !—[aside.]

always at work.

Sir Tun. Well ; and who *is* this honest gentleman you are so well acquainted with ?—[To Young Fash.] we shall hamper him finely, my Lord !

L. F. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly*.

Sir Tun. So ; he lives within half a mile, and came down but last night ; this bold-fac'd fellow thought he had been in *London* still, and quoted him ; now we shall display him in his true colours : I'll send for Sir *John* immediately. Here, fellow, away, presently, and desire my neighbour, Sir *John*, to do me the favour to step over on an extraordinary occasion ; and, in the mean while, you had best secure this sharper in the *Gate-house*.

Conf. An't please your Lordship, he may chance to give us the slip thence : If I were to advise, I think the dog-kennel's a surer-place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

L. F. Nay, for heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean room, that I mayn't daub my clothes.

Sir

Sir Tun. O, when you have married my daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

Lord Fop. A dirty Country Justice is a barbarous Magistrate, stab my vitals—

[*Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.*]

Young Fash. [aside.] I 'gad I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will soon grow too hot to hold me.—[To *Sir Tun.*] Sir, I fancy, 'tis not worth while to trouble *Sir John* upon this impertinent Fellow's Desire: I'll send and call the Messenger back—

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for, to be sure, he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I met *Sir John* just 'lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Ay? then it happens as one cou'd wish—where is he? [Exit.]

Young Fash. [aside.] *Lory!* you see how things are, here will be a Discovery presently, and we shall have our Brains beat out: for my Brother will be sure to swear he don't know me.

Lory. Then we had better retreat, Sir, and form an ambuscade.

Y. Fash. Away, they're coming.

[*Exit Lory, his master follows at one Door, as Sir Tun. and Sir John enter at 'other.*]

Sir Tun. *Sir John*, you are the welcom'st Man alive; I had just sent a messenger to desire you'd step over, on a very extraordinary Occasion, —we are all in Arms here.

Sir

Sir John. Your Servants told me the Busines; and that the Impostor quotes me for his Acquaintance; pray let's see him.

Sir Tun. That you shall, Sir; Here, fetch in that tawdry Fellow, that lies Neck and Heels among the Hounds? and, d'you hear? Tell my Lord, Sir John *Friendly* is here to wait on him.

[*Exit Servant, and enter Constable, &c.*
with Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. Strap my vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir John [running to him] My dear Lord Foppington!

Lord Fop. Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir John. Why, I little hought to have found your Lordship in fetters.

Lord Fop. Truly the Weld must do me the justice to confess, I am used to appear a little more *degagé*: But this old Gentleman, not liking the Freedom of my Air, has ben pleased to skewer down my Arms like a Rabbr.

Sir Tun. Is it then possible that this should be the true Lord Foppington at last?

L F. Why, what dost thou see in his face to make thee doubt it?

Sir Tun. Unbind him, I aves! My Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only leg pardon by signs; but if a sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this *Tartar*, bring him back — Away, I say, — a dog Oons — I'll cut off his ears and his tail, I'll draw his teeth out, pull his skin over his head — and — what shall I do more?

Sir

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Sir John. He does indeed deserve to be made an example of.

L. F. Deserve ! he deserves to be *chartré*, stab my vitals.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's pardon ?

L. F. Sir, we courtiers do nothing without a bribe ; that fair young lady may do miracles.

Sir Tun. *Heyden !* — come hither, *Heyden !*

L. F. *Heyden* is her name, Sir ?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

L. F. The prettiest name for a song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. Ay, my Lord, or an acrostic,—our parson has made one.—Here's my girl, she's your's, she has a wholesome body and a virtuous mind ; she's a woman complete, both in flesh and in spirit ;—has a bag of mill'd crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitch'd fast to her wedding gown : so, go thy ways, *Heyden*.

Lord Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm the happy'st man on this side the Ganges ! and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will, (like a good Christian at *Christmas*) be very drunk by way of *Thanksgiving*.—Come, my noble Peer I believe Dinner's ready ; if your Honour pleass to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison Pasty—My Lord !—*Sir John !*—

“ Fidlers, Bagpipes, tune away,

“ This is *Heyden's* wedding-day ;

Therefore

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"Therefore we'll keep holiday.

"Come for to be merry."

As he is capering about, he meets Y. Fash. with Lory, Miss, Bull, and Nurse bebind.

—How now—what have we got here? a Ghost?
oh gemini! Miss.

Sir Tun. It must be so; for his Flesh and Blood
cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me.

Lord Fop. Stap my Vitals, *Tam* again?

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his Throat,
Or shall I?

Lord Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please.
Tam, put up thy Sword, and pr'ythee, be so in-
genuous, as to tell me what thy Business is here?

Young Fash. 'I is with your Bride.

Lord Fop. Thou art the impudent'ſt Fellow
that Nature ever spawn'd into the World, strike
me speechless.

Young Fash. Why, you know my Modesty
wou'd have starv'd me; I sent it begging to you,
and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

Lord Fop. And dost thou expect, by an excess of
Aſſurance, to extaſt a Maintenance fram me?

Young Fash. [taking Miss by the Hand] No; but
I do intend to extaſt your Mistress from you, and
that I hope will prove one.

Lord Fop. I ever thought Newgate or Bedlam
wou'd be his Fortune, and now his Fate's decided.

—Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to draw
your fingers out of my Wife's Hand?

Young Fash. His Wife! Look there! now,
hope, you are all ſatisfy'd he's mad.

Lord Fop. Naw is it not paſſible for me to pe-
netrate what Species of Fally it is thou art driv-
ing at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here ; let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

Lord Fep. No, pray, Sir, hold ; we'll destroy him according to the Law—Ground your Arms, if you please, Sir.

Young Fash. [To *Bull*] Nay, then advance, Doctor ! come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the Questions I shall ask.

Hoy. [aside] Nurse, Nu se ! when all comes out, be sure you stand 'twixt me and Father ; for you know his tricks ; ecod he'll knock me down.

Young Fash. Did not you marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman saw her Face ?

Bull. Since the Truth must out, I did.

Sir Tun. You did ?

Bull. I did

Sir Tun. It's mighty well : but, take Notice, never more shall you stick Knife in Pudding of mine while you live, that's all.

Young Fash. Nurse ! sweet Nurse ! were not you a Witness to it ?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak — I was.

Young Fash. [to *Miss*] Madam, am not I your lawful Husband ?

Miss. Truly I can't tell, but you married me.

Young Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd ?

Sir Tun. [offering to strike him, is held.] Oons and Thunder, you lie.

Lord Fep. Pray, Sir, be calm ; the Battle is in Dispute, but requires more Candour than Courage to tally—I thank you, a word with you. [To *Bull* aside] Look you, Sir ! methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risk your Saul in the next World, for the sake of a beggarly younger Brother,

Brother, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no worldly Ende, I speak the Truth.

Young Fash. Come, pray Sir, all above-board; no corrupting of Evidences, if you please: this young Lady is my lawful Wife, and I'll justify it in all the Courts of *England*: so your Lordship (who always had a passion for Variety) may go seek a new Mistress, if you think fit.

Lord Fop. I am struckt dumb with his Impudence, and cannot passitively tell whether I shall ever speak again, or nat.

Nurse to Sir Tun. [kneeling.] I hope your Wor-ship will pardon me, I have served you long and faithfully, but in this I was over-reach'd entirely; your Worship however was deceiv'd as well as I, and, if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting me?

Nurse. Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nursed it both wet and dry, must have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.—[to *Young Fash.*] Come hither, Stripling! if it be true then, that thou hast marry'd my Daughter, pr'ythee tell me, who thou art?

Young Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-law; and the worst of it is, that I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer?

Y. Fash. Even so, Sir. Sir

THE MAN OF QUALITY.

Sir Tom. Why then, that Noble Peer, and Thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest—may all go to the Devil together. [Exit.

Lord Fop. [aside.] Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a Screne-Countenance; for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the Features of a Person of Quality: I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an Afrant. [To *Young Fash*]—Dear Tom! since Things are thus fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee Joy. I do it *au bon Coeur*, strike me dumb! you have marry'd a Woman beautiful in her Person, charming in her Airs, prudent in her Conduct, constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Morality, split my Wind-pipe.

Young Fash. Your Lordship may keep up your Spirits with Grimace, if you please; I shall support mine wth this Lady and two thousand Pound a-year. [Taking *Miss.*] Come, Madam:

We office again you see, are Man and Wife,
And now, perhaps, the Bargain's struck for Life;
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least, you see you may have choice of men :
Nay, shou'd the War at length such havock make,
That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet, for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau ;
You'll find his Lordship ready to come to. }

Lord Fop. Her Ladyship shall slap my Vitals }
if I do.

THE END.

THE MAN OF QUALITY.

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